

A HINT TO THE PARK COMMISSIONERS.

WHY NOT INTRODUCE A "PUSH BALL" IN THE ROW? EQUESTRIANS COULD NO LONGER COMPLAIN OF MONOTONY.

CHARIVARIA.

LONDON undertakers, it is announced, are establishing a Master Undertakers' Union "for the promotion of the interests of the trade." An amalgamation with the Dairymen's Union is suggested.

"Cricketers who draw crowds" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We already have the cricketer as special correspondent, and the cricketer as special artist was, of course, bound to come.

A Paris footballer, on being attacked by a spectator into whose face he had kicked the ball, drew his revolver, and fatally wounded his assailant. As a result it is thought probable that French football teams will in future be made to leave their revolvers and swords in the dressing-room.

The Manx budget shows a surplus of £12,000. It is rumoured that a certain author intimately connected with the island is of opinion that with this sum a worthy monument could be—and ought to be—erected to a certain author intimately connected with the island.

It looks as if theatre *matinées* were about to be instituted in Abyssinia. According to the *Board of Trade*

Journal, at the present moment every Abyssinian is ambitious to possess himself of a felt hat, and the larger the hat the greater the pleasure.

We have been requested to state that the copy of Mr. CARNEGIE's *Gospel of Wealth* in the Kettering Free Library, recently founded by Mr. CARNEGIE, was not (as stated in this column) a gift from the author. It seems that when Mr. CARNEGIE fits up a library he draws the line this side of actual books.

A capital new religion, entitled "The New Thought," has just been invented. It allots each man no fewer than two souls. We wonder it has not been realised before that one soul alone cannot stand the wear and tear of modern life.

Miss GRACIE GRAHAME, having been threatened with an injunction if she persists in singing "Oh, Charlie, come to me," has changed the words to "Oh, Billy, come to me." But, we would ask, is there no power to protect the public by an injunction preventing anyone singing either version?

"While we have no doubt of Germany's prowess, we must not forget that many dogs can kill a stag," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, speaking of Ger-

many's isolation. This is the first time we have heard Germany called a stag. It is true we had noticed the horns, but we had thought they were those of a dilemma.

According to despatches from Rio de Janeiro the differences between Brazil and Peru have been virtually arranged. Each country will now settle down again to its own revolutions.

A Russian has adapted an old form of war chariot. It consists of a motor-car with sharp knives outside, which revolve with the wheels. It has been offered to the Russian War Office, and that body has recognised the utility, for purposes of retirement, of a conveyance that is guaranteed both to cut and run.

The report that civil war has broken out in the Czar's dominions is declared, at St. Petersburg, to be an exaggeration. Prince DOLGOROUKI has boxed Count LAMSDORFF's ears, but the movement has not spread.

It is stated that the wife of a Parliamentary candidate has hit upon an ingenious way of obtaining an audience for her husband. She does a "turn" of singing patriotic songs before the speech-making, and will not stop until a hearing is promised to the candidate.

THE HOME OF LIBERTY.

THE King's Commission gravely sat
 Probing the crust of hoary creeds;
 They heard the notions, this and that,
 Of such as knew their country's needs;
 And they declared, by two to one,
 That in defence of Home and Beauty
 England expects each mother's son
 Some day to do his martial duty.

I moved with meditative feet
 Along the Strand's alluvial marge,
 And there I saw a poster-sheet
 Printed in letters green and large:
 Broadly, the facts were thus expressed
 (Though, for the words, I slightly twist 'em):—
 FOUR MILLION WORKING-MEN PROTEST
 AGAINST THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.

I could believe it. I was swift
 To find it racy of the soil;
 I knew the British Workman's gift
 For shunning any form of toil;
 I knew he could not fail to shirk
 Fatigue and guard and grim reveille,
 For when he sees a job of work
 He trembles like an aspic-jelly.

Pampered with breakfast-table fare
 At prices fabulously short;
 With gladiators, cheap as air,
 Trained to provide vicarious sport;
 Rather than waste, on work or play,
 Time, talents, energy, expenses,
 He goes the good old Roman way
 That points to *Panem et Circenses*.

This is his birthright, being free.
 Over his beer in liquid staves
 He mocks the vile indignity
 Of habits incident to slaves;
 But most he views with scornful eyes
 Those foreign churls, mere human chattels,
 On whom the noxious duty lies
 To fight at need the nation's battles.

Some Englishmen may choose to dare
 Death of their free unfettered will;
 That is not his but their affair,
 So long as others meet the bill;
 Nor if, to save his private ears,
 Our local trenches needed filling,
 Would he object to Volunteers
 Who pay for leave to learn their drilling;

But never a candidate shall get
 The labour vote—let that be known—
 Who asks that each in turn should set
 His country's claims above his own!
 Let German dogs permit the State
 To march and starch and sweat and bleed 'em,
 But Heaven defend that such a fate
 Should fall upon the Sons of Freedom!

Secure behind that wall of fame
 Our fighting conscript-fathers won,
 O Liberty, in thy dear name
 How many things are—left undone!
 For who would mar his ease of mind
 By patriot service, bound to bore him,
 When he is always free to find
 Some simple soul to do it for him?

O. S.

THE TOMMIES' TOURNAMENT.

"WALK up, walk up," or motor, or bike, or drive to the Agricultural Hall, and see the Military Tournament to-day or to-morrow, June 9, when the show comes to an end. Do not forget to notice the inscription that, glorified by flags high up aloft at each extremity of the building, announces to the crowd, not the naval and military glories of the British Empire, not the loyal watch-cry of "God Save the King!" but the name, style and title of those whose timely provisions can effect so much both in peace and war, that is, of the Refreshing Firm that has contracted for this expansive advertisement! Long live the Roast Beef of Old England, coupled with drinks of all sorts, without which even these stalwart heroes of the Military Tournament would faint and bite the sawdust. Caterer, thou reasonest well!

The band of the First Life Guards, under Mr. FRED HAINES, L.R.A.M., has had its work cut out. Here is blow for blow, given up in the orchestra, where all are "a blowing," and never "a growing" weary. Every "display" in the afternoon show, that lasts for nearly four hours, was (on the occasion of this visit) brought off with marvellous punctuality, each performance being within at least twenty minutes after the time announced in the programme. It was wonderfully kept going! "One down t'other come on!" is the rule for this programme, so strictly adhered to, even in individual cases, that when an unfortunate warrior of the artillery comes to grief, another plucky one is ready to spring into his saddle and be his substitute. How delightful, how inspiring, it must be in war to go to battle with a splendid orchestra perched up aloft playing appropriately inspiring airs! Scarcely a manoeuvre but ends with some artistically designed and spiritedly executed tableau, which, on a field of battle, must be one of the most heart-stirring sights. Imagine how an enemy in ambush would be fascinated by witnessing a musical ride executed by our heavy cavalry to the tune (among others) of "Mr. Dooley-cooley-oo!" The enemy is bound to give in at once: to come out of their ambush, applaud enthusiastically, insist on fraternising, and then to hilariously join the mazy dance. Bravo! *Vive la danse! Vive la guerre! Vivent les deux ensemble!*

Best of all, where everything is best, is the gymnastic display of the lively and intelligent boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School. How many forms there are in this school it would be difficult to say, but every form present is to be noted as first-class. So also for the Royal Marine Artillery, whose men unlimbered a gun in less than no time, and, having fired it off point blank at the little red-riding-hooded girls of the Duke of York's School (without hurting one of them, thank goodness!) packed up and bolted away ere you, or anyone else, could even so much as think of calling out "Police!" or of invoking the mysterious "JACK ROBINSON."

The Historical Pageant will amuse all, from the entrance of the English troops mustered at Crecy, marching in to the tune of "*If I had a donkey what wouldn't go*," up to the exit of our most modern warriors in khaki, to the inspiring strains of "*Rule, Britannia*," "*God Save the King*," and finally the "*March from Tannhäuser*." The Circus masquerading part of the military display, the present deponent is inclined to regard as mere Tommy-foolery. This view is, perhaps, hypercritical. Taking such haphazard notes of the music as was possible in the midst of so much excitement, your very unmilitary, but ever civil, reporter, was struck by the frequent recurrence of the late HENRY RUSSELL's popular compositions, such as "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer*," "*A Life on the Ocean Wave*," and so forth. These be our national melodies, popular and inspiring.

The Indian soldiers (or soldiers who had been commanded to "dress up" as Indians), tent-pegging, and whooping for all they were worth (which wasn't much, as there were more

**THE
INFANT MARSYAS**

POSITIVELY THE
YOUNGEST & SMALLEST
MUSICIAN ON RECORD
AGE $3\frac{1}{2}$ YEARS

WILL SHORTLY
GIVE A
RECITAL.



PLAY'S THE THING!

HAMLET (MR. PUNCH) to OPHELIA (the Danish Infant Musical Prodigy). "GET THEE TO A NURSERY! GO!"



THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
ART AND
ARCHAEOLOGY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

PLATE 2 THE TEMPLE

THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS OF THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

misses than hits), stirred up the sawdust, sending it to *chokee* down our throats, just as if it were brown rappee scattered about by giant snuff-takers. After this there was dummy-hunting, representing the clowning part of the entertainment; and then came the now highly popular "Push-ball" played by teams of Horse Guards. The horses thoroughly enjoyed this, as it was evidently the first time in their experience when to have anything to do with a ball was entirely distinct from a "twitch" in the nostril followed by unpleasant medicinal consequences. Men and horses "kept the ball a-rolling" for a good twenty minutes; but which side came off victorious this deponent did not stop to ascertain. Trusting that the best men and horses would win, he departed hurriedly, and after dodging the wheels of the Royal Artillery gun-carriages, escaping unscathed from the 'cofs of the 'osses, and successfully performing various other strategic movements, he, having formulated his plan of campaign, which included the escalading an omnibus amid the storming of various passengers, found himself outside a public conveyance, having "come out at the top," safe and sound, within sight of the protectorate of the guardian Angel of Islington.

M.P.'S AS TOURIST TIPSTERS.

Members of Parliament Describe Specially for "Mr. Punch" the Delights of their Favourite Resorts, as in the "Daily Mail."

PROSPEROUS PRETORIA.

By the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P.

I KNOW of no more charming spot under the sun than this gay little South African city. Full of life and laughter it is a veritable paradise, and shortly to be rendered more so by the proximity of thousands of happy Celestials carolling over their genial tasks. A home from home indeed. I recommend all my Chinese constituents to hasten there.

SALUBRIOUS SHANKLIN.

By Major Seely, M.P.

As a convinced opponent of coloured labour I can conscientiously recommend the Isle of Wight. Shan-kin, in spite of its distinctly Chine-ese-sounding name, is a most charming spot, and so unsophisticated that one of my supporters, a local pork-butcher, wrote to ask me what harm a pig-tail could do once it was cut off.

BREEZY BATTERSEA.

By Mr. John Burns, M.P.

That Londoners should every year go to great expense and trouble to get their families to the seaside, or abroad (which is worse, since it takes good English money out of the country) is one of the most ludicrous of the errors of the day.



INGRATITUDE.

Nervous Youth (to charming girl, who has been trying to set him at his ease). "HE, HE! I ALWAYS—HA—FEEL RATHER SHY WITH PRETTY GIRLS, Y'KNOW, BUT I'M QUITE AT HOME WITH YOU!"

For here, at their very gates, is a pleasure resort that offers all the attractions of the seaside or Normandy at no cost at all. Battersea Park provides green glades, rocky glens, vast lawns for manly sports, a sheet of water for navigators, a track for motors and bicyclists, refreshment rooms, a matchless view of the river Thames—everything that the foolish and extravagant go to the ends of the earth to see. And all within hail of London. And it is the healthiest place in the world; its death-rate is nil.

ENERVATING EPHEBUS.

By the Duke of Devonshire.

To the toilers eager for repose there

is no holiday like travel in the slumberous Orient. Of all spots in the near East I know of none to equal Ephesus, home of the Seven Sleepers. There one may rest indeed. The best inn is, I think, the "Morpheus' Arms," where hop pillows are included in the charge for the night.

BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL BOOTLE.

By J. H. Stock, M.P.

When, wearied by the strenuous life,
You wish a while to footle,
Take my advice, with babes and wife
Be off to balmy Bootle.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VIII.

*In Korea once more.**(By Extra Special Runner.)*

I HAVE been very kindly given my *congé* by Col. KHAKIMOSO, with indefinite leave to absent myself, and I can only devotedly hope that the Japanese army may not commit any too shatterpated actions, now that they are temporarily deprived of my counsellings!

But I am under serious apprehensions lest they may be so overjoyed with their bird-in-hand as to underrate some rather formidable covey of Russian eagles concealed in an ambush. I have private information that Hon'ble KUROPATKIN is already hastening up with several hundred *ikons*. Also that Port Arthur is now so completely insulated that it is more impregnable than ever, having sealed up its harbour so hermetically that no Japanese junk can obtain admittance.

A certain Russian prisoner of war, Hon'ble Major DROSHKYVITCH, who is accompanying me on his patrol, assures me that before eighteen months his country is indubitably to assume highly offensive attitudes, by invading Japanese territories. As their own squadrons are lying snug in Port Arthur, they will be compelled for such invasion to make use of the Japanese fleet, which is by no means so well adapted for the purpose. However, it is only a sail for a very few hours, and Major D. is confident that, when his countrymen are once landed, they will completely overturn the tables.

I am free to confess that my gore is chilled by these methodistical calculations, and if only I had not most unfortunately mislaid my wireless pole I would at once telegraph Hon'ble General KUROKI that he will do well to look at home before he leaps too far into the Manchurian darkness.

After taking so leading a part in the Battle of Kiu-lien-Cheng (described in a previous report, which has, I trust, come to hand), I am naturally rather tired of war's alarms, and am now mainly pre-occupied with health of my poor unfortunate crock, which, alas! is still very so-so!

Being of abnormally high-strung temperament, his bellicose adventures have reduced him to a condition of uncontrollable jumpiness. For example, only a day or two since, when a Korean juvenile had, in a spirit of barbarous puerility, discharged a pea at *Sho-ji's* nose from a popshooter, my said pony was so violently upset that he incontinently rolled over with all his *quatre fers en l'air*, and fainted away for ten minutes on his end!

Notwithstanding which debility the Korean horse-physician here says that, although my pony's nervous system is rather seriously dismantled, he expects, with care and quietude, that he is ultimately to recover his mental balance. Only I am cautioned not to employ him, at present, as a battle-horse.

So, being thus disbarred from proceeding to the front till further notice, I am forced to fly at smaller games, and have already gone in for bear-fighting—which (as I think I mentioned in previous letter) is a far more exhilarating recreation than a mere tiger-hunt, as Korean grizzlies are of notoriously ferocious idiosyncrasies.

I made the proposition to the aforesaid Major DROSHKYVITCH that we should take a day off in company, and see whether we could not succeed in captivating at least one bear between us.

"I will come with the whole of my heart, little Father JABBERJEEVITCH!" he responded, "on condition that you, as the old *Shikari* in such sporting expeditions, assume supreme command."

To which I assented, being reluctant to admit that, while in India, I had become totally out of practice in the art of bear-sticking.

But a certain Korean Geomancer, who had been a some-

what arduous sportsman before adopting the more sedentary profession of divination, reported, after constructing my horoscope and making a few incantations, that the day after the next would be my lucky day, whereon I should be utterly impervious to any *fera natura*—which decided me to appoint that as the date for our shoot.

The aforesaid Geomancer further lent me his own favourite fouling-piece, which, so he asserted, possessed the magic qualification of never missing when it was correctly aimed. Thus armed, I repaired myself, with Major D. when the auspicious day was thoroughly broken, to the locality which the natives assured us was the customary haunt of one of their finest bears.

After posting my Russian friend in the direction from which the animal was inevitably to emerge, I modestly took up my position at a considerable distance, behind a large bush.

The merest tyro in ursine peculiarities is aware that every bear is furnished by Nature with such saccharine teeth that he cannot resist making a hog of himself with a pot of honey.

Accordingly I had taken the precaution to purchase, at a Korean general store, a bulky jar of Japanese home-manufactured honey, which was labelled in colourable imitation of London jam-merchants.

This I deposited in front of the bush as a decoy duck, and waited for the prey to turn up.

But for several hours no bear put in an appearance, and I was becoming all agog with impatience, when my shoulder was unceremoniously clapped from behind—and, on turning my head, I beheld a Bruin of Brobdingnagian dimensions, who was evidently inquisitive regarding the nature of my occupation!

Swift as a doe, I discharged my fouling-piece at a blank point—but, either the weapon had been insufficiently enchanted, or I was too flabbergasted to aim correctly at such short notice—for, so far from prostrating the bear, it was myself whose heels were sent flying over my head!

On returning to percipience, I made the shocking discovery that I was being dragged along into more open country! Naturally, my first impulse was to rise to my feet, and grapple my assailant to my soul with hooks of steel. But a momentary reflection convinced me that Mister Bruin was probably to prove himself the more proficient wrestler, whether in Græco-Roman, Catch-who-catch-can, or *Ju-Jit-su* styles, and that perhaps my wisest policy was to counterfeit the demeanour of a *post-mortem*.

Of this I succeeded in giving so lifelike an imitation that, to my unspeakable dismay, the Grizzly at once proceeded to scratch a large hole for my interment—after which he covered me with leaves, as if taking such leaves from the book of the robins in the well-known English ballad of the *Babes in Wood*, which twittered: "Who'll dig his grave?" "I," said the Robin, all sighing and sobbing, "I'll dig his grave!"

Only, unluckily, the Bear was by no means melted to lachrymation point, and, from the resigned attitude with which he sat on my head, I easily divined that he had only afforded myself Christian burial until he should become oppressed by pangs of appetite!

As luck would have it, he had selected a spot for my temporary tomb in close proximity to the above-mentioned honey-jar, which, with enormous presence of mind, I surreptitiously contrived to kick off in his direction. No sooner had he snuffed preserves than he embraced the pot amorously between his front paws, and immediately transferred its contents to the recesses of his own interior.

Now, although a frenzied admirer of Japanese enterprise, I am compelled to confess that their native sweetstuffs, although got up externally with very able imitations of genuine British trademarks, are, as a rule, composed of highly adulterated materialism.



EXPLAINED.

Our Village Cricket Club, after the Opening Match.

The Young Squire (who, at school, made a century against Harrow). "I SAY, SPINNER, I DON'T YET UNDERSTAND THAT FIRST BALL OF YOURS THAT TOOK MY LEG STUMP. WAS I LATE, OR SHOULD I HAVE PLAYED FORWARD?"

Spinner (our demon left-hander). "YOU COULDN'T 'AVE DONE NOTHING WITH IT, SIR."

And I shrewdly suspect that this particular honey must have been manufactured by a very incompetent (and possibly altogether bogus) class of bee!

For, within an incalculably brief period after licking the pot clean, this unfortunate Bruin was seized with severe sickness, together with such intolerable pains in stomach department that he was soon rolling and roaring like toad under harrow!

So, perceiving that he was far too engrossed with his internal symptoms to pay further attention to myself, I crawled out, and, as soon as he became a comatose, dealt him such swashing blows on top of head with the butt-end of my fouling-piece that he was compelled to shuffle out of his mortal coils and pay the debt of Nature!

Thereupon, with the aid of my pocket-knife, I deprived him of his integument, which, as per my original promise, I am forwarding as my humble contribution to the furnitures of *Punch's* palatial office. [Ed. Com.—A parcel did actually arrive, invoiced from Calcutta and containing a large roll of what looked like black lamb's wool, which it was found necessary to have destroyed at once.]

I must offer best apologies for fact that said bearskin is slightly moth-eaten. [Ed. Com.—Slightly!:] You must remember that I have already mentioned that this district teems with excessively large *lepidopteras*, and it is impossible to come across any bear which has not been more or less damaged by such parasitical depredations. For a Korean

bruin, this is not the half of a bad hide, and its cost price out here would be, at least, yen 100. But I have the typical Indian characteristic to hang the expense when making presents—especially to so openhanded a friend as your esteemed self!

H. B. J.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

III.

GRANT DUFF (SIR MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE), *Statesman, Belletrist and Botanist, to an Elgin Correspondent in reply to various queries:*

. . . . In reply to your courteous inquiries I have to say, (a), that I cannot claim the credit for having invented the word "anecdote"; (b), the number of volumes of selections from my diary has not yet reached three figures; (c), my favourite quotation is *perant qui nostra ante nos dixerunt*; (d), the best instance of an impromptu riddle that occurs to me was one that I made in conversation with Lord Odo Russell at the Cosmopolitan Club. We were talking about miracles and I suddenly said to him, "What is the difference between a miracle and Queen ELIZABETH?" Lord Odo professed his inability to solve the conundrum, so I obliged him with the answer: "One is a wonder and the other is a Tudor (two-der)." Lord Odo afterwards repeated this to Prince BISMARCK, who

said, "The man who can make a riddle like that is *capable de tout*." . . . [THE EDITOR OF GREAT THOUGHTS, 1s. 11½d.]

MURRAY (Dr.), *Lexicographer*, to Mr. ROBERT MAXWELL, ex-Amateur Champion Golfer, asking for information in regard to certain technical terms:

. . . Being anxious to render my Dictionary complete in the terminology of pastime, I have been recommended to apply to you for enlightenment in reference to certain words with which my unassisted intelligence is unable adequately to cope. (1) *Tonk*. I see it stated in the report of a recent match that Mr. EDWARD BLACKWELL "hit a tremendous tonk off the fifteenth tee." My friend Professor W. W. SKEAT is of opinion that the word is purely onomatopœic. For my own part I am inclined to connect the word by GRIMM's law with the mystic vocable *éoyt*, unless indeed it may be derived from a surname. There is, I know, a well-known artist of the name of TONKS. Perhaps there may also be a golfer of the same name, distinguished for the vigour of his stroke. (2) Can you kindly supply me with definitions differentiating the exact meaning of *foozle*, *fluff*, and *flub*? (3) Is the phrase *plusser*, i.e. a *plus* man, generally accepted? . . .

[Miss LOTTIE DOD, 30s.]

HOWORTH (Sir HENRY H.), *"Times" Correspondent and Mammoth-hunter*, in reply to the Secretary of the Kennel Club:

SIR,—I regret that I am unable to give you the information you are in search of. Your application is evidently based on a misunderstanding, my *magnum opus* being the history not of the Mongrels but the Mongols. If, as I am inclined to suppose, there is any analogy between the brute creation and mankind, I should think you would be most likely to obtain all the necessary details from one or other of those pestiferous hybrids, the Free Fooders, whose recent incursion into the arena of politics has poisoned the springs of Parliamentary life, corrupted the national fibre, and threatens to envelop the entire Empire in a miasmatic atmosphere of mediæval intrigue . . .

[THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 3d.]

WAGNER (RICHARD), *Composer*, to J. P. SOUSA, acknowledging receipt of a MS. composition, and commenting thereon:

Honoured Colleague! I have examined with heartfelt interest your remarkable and sonorous (*hellklingend*) score, the like of which I have never hitherto encountered. Impressed by its remarkable qualities, I cherish the fervent wish that before long you may hold a Post at Washington proportionate (*verhältnismässig*) to your deserts. With regard to your flattering intention to incorporate some of the themes of my *Parsifal* in a Ragtime March (*Lumpenzeits-marsch*), I reluctantly am obliged to decline an honour so unprecedented and truly American (*echt-Amerikanisch*) . . .

[W. ASHTON ELLIS, £50.]

BELL (C. F. MOBERLY), *Manager of the "Times," and Rhetorician*, to a lady residing at Bournemouth, who has written to the "Times" Office offering twopence a copy for the "Times" for the next year:

I assure you, Madam, we have come down as low as we can. The accompanying leaflets will give you an idea, crude and imperfect I will admit, of the advantages offered by the new system. If you wait until July 4, and carefully peruse the advertisement pages of the papers day by day, you will, I am persuaded, meet with other arguments, some of which may induce you to spring the extra farthing. Till then, adieu.

[Mr. A. HARMSWORTH, £3.]

HENSON (H. HENSLEY), *Canon of Westminster*, to the Postmaster-General, complaining that "cakewalk" was charged for in a telegram as two words, and demanding the return of a halfpenny:

. . . I am supported in my contention by the whole Dean

and Chapter. The hyphen is a relic of barbarity. In conversation there is no pause of even the slightest duration between the two syllables; and common usage, if not common sense, should govern these matters. . . .

[Messrs. WALKER AND WILLIAMS, £1.]

JONES (HENRY ARTHUR), *Dramatist*, to the Hon. Secretary of the Ambidextrous League, declining to write his next play with his left hand:

. . . Much as I should like to do anything to further your meritorious efforts, I am forced to decline your flattering request. My reputation is such that I would not, for worlds, that the suspicion got about that my forthcoming comedy is of Morganatic extraction.

[Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, 7s. 6d.]

VEESEY, *Boy Violinist*, to Sir HENRY IRVING, offering to retire in his stead. Translation.

It is not so much the actual recitals that are tiring as receptions afterwards, and visits to the Opera and so forth . . . very weary . . . Take your place with pleasure . . .

[HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, £50.]

SARGENT (JOHN S.), *Royal Academician*, to ISIDORE EHRENBREITSTEIN, Esq., in reply to a letter asking whether his inability to undertake a commission to paint his (Mr. EHRENBREITSTEIN's) portrait was due to the shape of his head or the colour of his poodle:

Both.

[Mr. ROCKEFELLER, £1000.]

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VIII.

"BOUDIN," I said to my friend the other day, "I feel I am not doing my duty by you. You have been here some time now and, with the exception of that football match we went to together, I haven't taken you to see any of our national sports, such as horse-racing, or cricket, or—"

"Or the game of golf," put in BOUDIN. "Oh, my friend, do not omit him, for it is a great game, the game of golf."

"Well," said I, "it's not a bad game, though it is, perhaps, more Scotch than English. Still, we English have made it our own."

"Ah, you noble English," he cried enthusiastically, "how I see you from far. It is always like that with you. You see a poor game which is a Scotch game and you say, 'These poor Scotch,' you say, 'cannot understand how a game must be played. Let us,' you say, 'annex this game and make it an English game, so that it may be great and prosperous and everything that is truly English,' and then, *sapristi*, you take it and you make of it a bit of your rule Britannia. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," said I, smiling, "we do rather manage to improve any game we take up, but then we've been at games for a deuce of a long time, and, of course, we've got more experience of how things should be done than—"

"Oh, do not incommode yourself for me," he said; "say what you were going to say as if BOUDIN was not in the room. These Frenchmen, you were going to say, do not understand games and they make me pity. They do not play the cricket; they do not play the golf; how shall they be able to *remporter* any success in the public life, in the beautiful arts, or in making war? They have their *absinthe*, and they all drink it, from M. LOUBET, who has been in England and ought to know better, down to the quite small infants who have just arrived to balance themselves on their legs. They are a nation of drinkers of *absinthe*, who cannot understand the cricket or the golf, and—well, if it were not for the *entente cordiale*, which assure to them the friendship of England, they would burst like dogs, those unfortunate miserable Frenchmen. My faith, I go to naturalise myself

immediately, and when *le Lor Maire* have receive me in the City, I will learn the cricket and the golf, without which it is not possible to be an Englishman or a good man at all."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said, "you mustn't excite yourself so much."

"Ah, you have reason; I inflame myself too much. I am like the old gentleman I have seen playing the golf, for I have seen your golf, yes, I have seen it, and I am still alive. I did not die of excitement. 'BOUDIN,' I say me, 'you must survive, my fine fellow. It is true,' I say, 'that to see these magnificent Englishmen promenading themselves so seriously and following the little ball—it is true that the spectacle is grandiose, and it makes me much emotion, but courage, my friend, and *surtout*, try to be calm,' and, as I say this to myself, sudden I see an old gentleman in knickerbockers and a red coat and a *casquette* of cloth, as if he had made it from what he did not use for his knickerbockers, and a red face, but of a red more red even than his coat, and the old gentleman, who have white hairs, he look at the little ball, and he take a long stick—"

"Club," I said hastily; "you mustn't call it stick."

"Oh, well, all that is equal to me—he take a long clob and he commences, but very slowly, to *écarter ses jambes*, and he make the clob to go backward and forward over the ball *comme un papillon*, and at last he say to himself, 'Aha, rascal of a ball, now I will immolate you,' and, *pif-paf, il tire son coup*, but he do it in the air, and the little rascal of a ball stay there and, as for me, I puff with laughter."

"What did the old gentleman do?" I asked.

"Well, he did not say 'rosbif' or 'bifteck,' or 'I sell my wife at Smithfield,' but he say something which is quite as English, and a little word, and he say it to his clob and to the ball and to his eyes, and after he try again and he hit the ground and he break his clob, and I murmur to myself, 'Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin,' and the old gentleman—perhaps he do not understand French—he hear me say something and he makes me the eyes of a tiger, and at last he put his hands in his pockets, and there he is departed without his clob or anything. I informed myself who he was, and they tell me he is a member of Parliament. My faith, I make you my compliments of him, for he knows how to speak, that one."

"Anyhow," said I, "it's a capital thing for men like that to have a little fresh air and to play a game of some sort."

"Oh, as to that, I do not say no; for you have told me that it is games which make Englishmen what they are, and it is golf certainly which have made this member of Parliament an old gentleman with a red face to whom the mustard mounts to his nose when he hit the air with a clob."

"JONES THE MAN."

In a review of a book entitled *Theodore Roosevelt*, we read that "one day the President and his biographer travelled in a crowded car. A factory girl got in, and *Roosevelt the Man* rose and gave her his seat." *Roosevelt the President* probably fined the Car Company for over-crowding. The distinction is a subtle one, and might be carried out further, as follows:

"Mr. JOSIAH SPIFKINS, the well-known Editor, was out dining the other night. After 'one crowded hour of glorious life,' *Spifkins the Man*, who had partaken somewhat freely of the numerous courses set before him, was handed a cup of coffee by the footman. *Spifkins the Editor* was compelled to return it owing to unusual pressure on space."

"We understand that *Hall Caine the Man*, in a recent speech, expressed his undisguised admiration for *Hall Caine the Novelist*."

"At the Marylebone Police Court *Plowden the Humorist*



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"CAN I SEE THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE?"

"YES, YOU CAN, AND DO. NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

has been convicted by *Plowden the Magistrate* for contempt of court."

"Last Monday *C. B. Fry, the Batsman*, was bowled by a Yorker which broke three feet each way. The case was reported at length by *C. B. Fry the Journalist*."

THE following advertisement comes from Rye:—

I have a great quantity of good second-hand

Government Vices

of all sizes from 10s., 15s., 20s., 25s. each.

This seems moderate, and it might be worth while for the incoming Liberal Government to take them over at these prices.

WE are authorised to state that *The Edge of the Storm*, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Wednesday last, has no connection with the storm of the EDGE that has recently raged at the Automobile Club over the representation of England in the GORDON-BENNETT race.

IN Messrs. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL'S *Golf Score Book* occurs the following instruction, of which that veteran Cantab golfer, Mr. LINSKILL, is the admired author:

"As it is most essential, when making a stroke, to keep the eyes well fixed on the ball, be particular to use clean ones."



NOT QUITE UP TO DATE.

Somersetshire Rustic (on seeing the signal drop). "AR DON'T KNOW IF IT'D MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, MAISTER, BUT THIC THER' BIT O' BOARD OF YOURN 'AVE A FALLEN DOWN!"

ACTORS BENEVOLENT.

MR. PUNCH wishes to take his share in attracting public attention to a *matinée* fixed for June 23, got up by the generous theatrical profession to assist the well-known dramatic critic, Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, so long and honourably connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, in a time of trial, of much suffering, and of physical incapacity for the special work in which he has excelled, and to which his journalistic career has been devoted.

To assist in this good work, comes, ever first and foremost in the cause of charity, Sir HENRY IRVING, giving on this occasion his inimitable impersonation of *Corporal Brewster* in CONAN DOYLE's *Story of Waterloo*.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE is to appear as *Diogenes*, the original founder of the Tübingen Philosophical School, in which character he will recite the soliloquy adapted to his surroundings, commencing, "Tubby or not Tubby, that is the question."

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who, as ALEXANDER, naturally enough, is in close proximity to *Diogenes*, will give the touching speech, "If I were not ALEXANDER at the St. James's, I would be *Diogenes* at His Majesty's!" and, unless these lines are enthusiastically encored over and over again, he will then gracefully bow and exit.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is announced for a "new comic one-act piece, by Mr. WATSON." Whether this is to present Mr. BOURCHIER as *Sherlock Holmes*, with constant question, "Do you follow me, WATSON?" we are not in a position to

state. This show is entitled *The Conversion of Nat Sturge*. Sub-title, *The Stinging Nat Stung*.

Les deux *Grossmiths*, GEORGE and WEEDON, will appear in a "duologue written by themselves!" Fancy that! all by themselves!! no one near when they did it! But crowds, of course, to see and hear them perform it. It ought to be a success, by GEORGE!—and WEEDON.

The actresses kindly gracing the performance will be JULIA NEILSON, MARIE TEMPEST (quite calm after her sea trip), EDNA MAY, ADA REEVE, IRENE VANBRUGH, and other "dear charmers" not as yet mentioned in the bill of *Fair Women*.

Then Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is to appear, "supported by a chorus of Fourteen Ladies." Fortunate Mr. HICKS! what matter if he faint, stagger and only shake his head helplessly, as long as he be supported by this bevy of Fourteen Beauties! This tableau of Mr. HICKS and the Fair Fourteen might serve as an illustration of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's play, *Arms and the Man*. Beautiful arms! Lucky man!

Many more attractions are to be added to the above, at least so we gather from the programme; and to one and all doing their very best on behalf of our old friend CLEMENT SCOTT Mr. Punch heartily wishes a colossal success. Here is the unique occasion when the critic's weakness is the actors' opportunity!

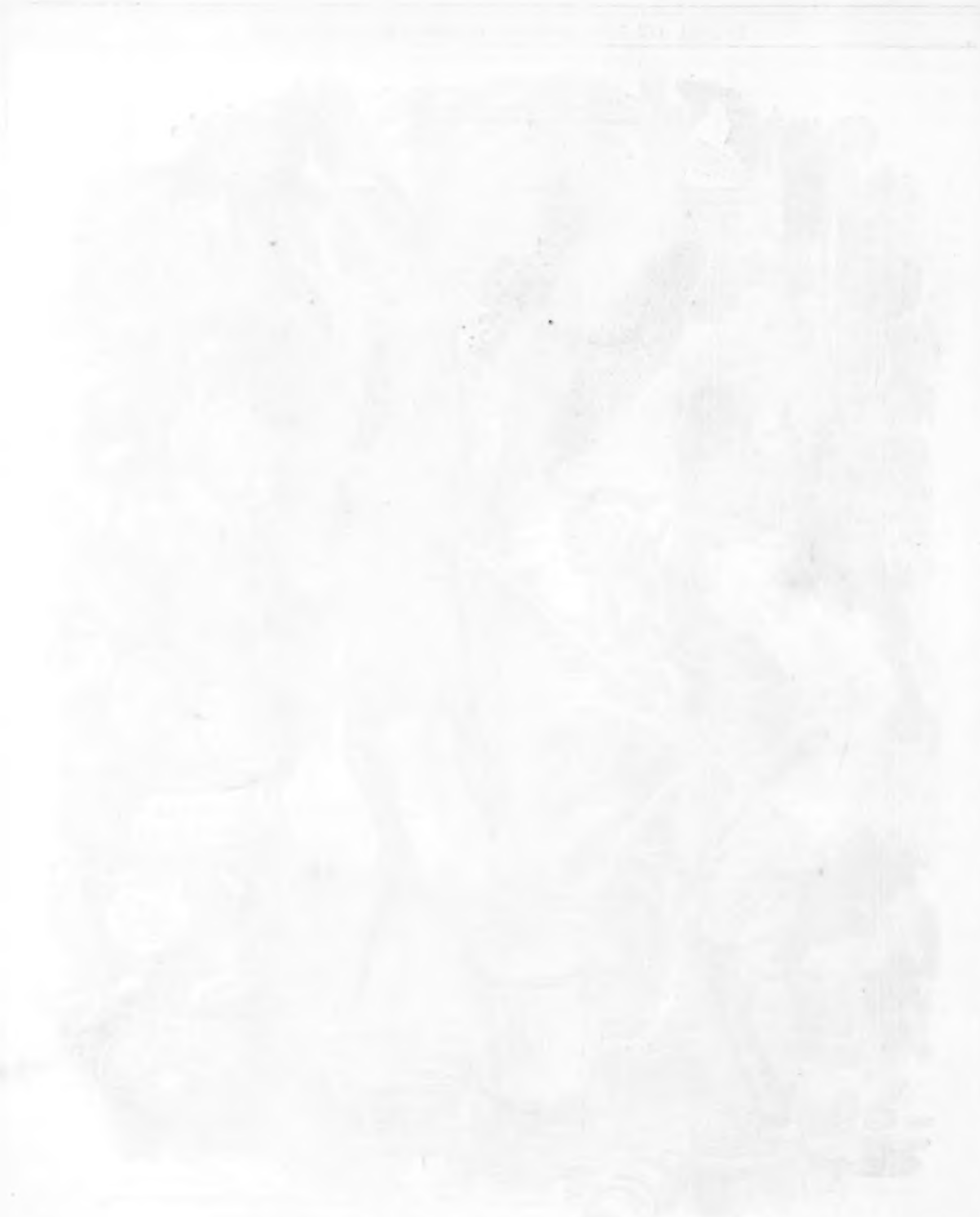
MR. PUNCH has pleasure in directing the attention of sportsmen of his own limited stature to an advertisement in the *Field* announcing the sale of an estate, "including fifty acres of sporting woods, together with a small gentleman's residence."



THE TIME LIMIT.

SCENE - Interior of Compensation House.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF C-NT-RE-RY (Visitor, to Head Gardener, ARTH-R B-L-F-R). "YOU CAN'T KEEP THESE POT-HOUSE PLANTS HERE FOR EVER. YOU 'LL HAVE TO BED 'EM OUT AFTER A BIT."



THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK...
THE NEW YORK...
THE NEW YORK...

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 31.

—JOHN O'GORST, time-honoured educationalist, almost in solitude on Front Bench below Gangway, Ministerial side, looked up with sudden start. For a moment he sat with lips parted, eyes staring straight before him, hands clutching edge of bench. Had he seen that wraith, the Committee of Council of Board of Education of which we heard so much when COUNTY GUY and he looked after the department? No living person ever beheld it in the flesh. Some there were who regarded it as the Mrs. HARRIS of administrative bodies. They "didn't believe there was no such person."

As one followed the strained glance explanation leaped to light. At the corner of Front Bench below Gangway opposite was WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the very seat where, twenty-four years ago, GRANDOLPH nursed a dainty foot crossed over one knee, and tugged at a moustache of which, next to the companionship of DRUMMOND WOLFF and GORST, he was chiefly proud. So like the father too—less in face than in figure, in gesture and manner of speech. When the young Member for OLDHAM addresses House, with hands on hips, head bent forward, right foot stretched forth, memories of days that are no more flood the brain.

Like father is son in his habit of independent view of current topics, the unexpectedness of his conclusions, the



A FLEET IN BEING; OR, THE INVESTMENT OF PORT ARTHUR.

"Admiral" Arn-ld H-lla of the Thames Steamers makes a naval demonstration off the Terrace of the House of Commons.

ruthlessness of his personalities, his disregard for authority, his contempt of the conventions, his perfect phrasing of disagreeable remarks. His special enmity to DON JOSÉ and all his works is hereditary. He does not forget, and cannot forgive, the rebuff that seared his father's proud heart when Birmingham clamoured for him to represent them in the House of Commons, and DON JOSÉ peremptorily said "No."

Doubtless, in the task which now engages leisure hours snatched from conflict with DON JOSÉ on his new fiscal campaign, he comes upon evidence in the writing of a vanished hand which shows how deeply that cut was felt. The MEMBER FOR SARK, close in GRANDOLPH's confidence at the time, knows how the thrust went home.

WINSTON is a convinced Free Trader. But he enters with lighter, more fully gladdened, heart on the conflict, since Protection is championed by his father's ancient adversary.

House resumed to-day after Whitsun holidays. Attendance small; benches mostly empty. WINSTON, entering with all the world before him where to choose, strides down to his father's old quarters on the Front Bench below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, and sits among the ghosts of the old Fourth Party.

"He's gone over at last, and good riddance," say honest hacks munching their corn in well-padded stalls of the Government stables. They don't like young horses that kick out afore and ahint, and cannot safely be counted upon to run in double harness.

"WINSTON's gone over at last," they repeat, whinneying with decorous delight.

Not a bit of it. He merely claims right as independent Member to sit

where he pleases. On one side to-day, t'other to-morrow; some day, if he lives, on the Treasury Bench.

Meanwhile, he celebrates his first day's lodging in the Opposition camp by going into the Division Lobby in support of Government. That proves his inherent consistency, displayed in diverse circumstances. When he sat with the Ministerialists he often voted with the Opposition.

Business done.—Back after holidays; that is, some of us arrive.

Wednesday afternoon.—France decidedly to the fore just now. At this very hour *Gouvernant* is running at Epsom in sure and certain hope of winning the Derby. At Westminster Anglo-French Convention, bred in the LANSDOWNE stables, run under combined colours of Union Jack and Tricolour, takes preliminary gallop, jockeyed by Earl PENCY.

Except in respect of assembly of crowds and demonstration of interest the Bill did better than the horse. The very emptiness of the Chamber, the languor of the few speakers, combined to form highest tribute to success of LANSDOWNE's diplomacy. Attempt of course made to pick holes here and there; 'tis the business of the Opposition to oppose. But nothing could obscure importance of the accomplished work, removing ancient quarrels that might at some critical time have blazed forth at the cannon's mouth.

Later came news of *Gouvernant's* discomfiture.

"Curious," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "how SHAKESPEARE foresaw everything, and provided for it in a phrase. You remember *Richard the Third* starting from his dream on the eve of Bosworth and crying,

'Give me another horse—bind up my wounds!'



"So like the father too—less in face than in figure, in gesture and manner of speech."

(Mr. W-nt-n 'Ch-rch-ll.)

There you have the whole situation worked out in the diverse phases of the Anglo-French Convention at Epsom and at Westminster. Here is LANSLOWSE binding up wounds which, at Newfoundland and elsewhere, have long bled, threatening discord between two nations. At Epsom, *Gouvernant* coming in last but one, we have the cry from disappointed France, "*Donnez-moi un autre cheval!*"

Business done.—Anglo-French Convention Bill brought in and read a first time. *Gouvernant*, running at Epsom, was within one of the triumph of coming in last.

Thursday.—M. JOURDAIN'S astonishment at discovering he had been talking prose all his life nothing compared with Mr. PICKWICK DAVIES'S consternation on learning he had been eating Canterbury lamb.

Catastrophe made known in Committee this afternoon. Vote for Local Government Board under discussion. *A propos*, Mr. DAVIES, stepping forward a pace on the floor, as was his wont in earlier days when he scarified Don José with questions, observed, "I am opposed, Mr. LOWTHER, firmly opposed, to chilled beef and frozen mutton. Are you aware, Sir," he continued, sternly eyeing the faltering Chairman of Ways and Means, "that these things are placed on our dining-table in this House?"

The Chairman's official position precluded manifestation of emotion. Chilled as beef, frozen in silence like mutton, he evaded the piercing glance bent upon him. Not so unofficial Members. "Shame!" they cried in tones of honest indignation.

Thus encouraged, Mr. DAVIES unfolded his woeful story. "One night, remaining here in obedience to the call of public duty, I dined chiefly and, I may add, not expensively, off lamb. I admit it was very good. But on paying my bill, Mr. LOWTHER, I learned that it was not English lamb but New Zealand; in short, it was Canterbury."

Members on both sides joined in low blood-curdling groan of sympathy.

"Sir," continued Mr. PICKWICK, one hand in familiar fashion thrust under his coat tail, the other swinging his eyeglasses, "I resolved never to eat it again."

This, as opening up fresh depth of horror, drew forth more moans from the anguished audience. To eat Canterbury lamb at a 2s. ordinary under the impression that it was the innocent offspring of a sojourner on the South Downs was bad enough. To contemplate the prospect of eating the slice again in whatever condensed form was an added horror.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XVI.—ON STYLE.

SCENE—The Authors' Club.

PRESENT:

Mr. Robert Abel (Surrey and Daily Mail).

Bishop Welldon (Westminster and M.C.C.).

Mr. C. B. Fry (Sussex and Daily Express).

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson (Surrey and Daily Chronicle).

Mr. S. M. J. Woods (Somerset and Daily Mail).

Mr. G. W. Beldam (Middlesex and The Sketch).

Mr. John Tunnicliffe (Yorkshire and Daily Mail).

Mr. Harold Begbie (Exeter Hall and Press generally).

Mr. Robert Abel. It has been thought that a comparison of notes as to the models which have most helped us in shaping our new literary career might not be without interest and profit. That is why we are met this evening.

Bishop Welldon. Speaking as the Honorary Chaplain of the M.C.C. Australian team, I may describe it as a very laudable proceeding. Perhaps the courtly Chairman will be so gracious as to inform us as to who his own model was.

Abel. For some years I must admit I was under the spell of CRAIG.

Bishop Welldon. CRAIG? I seem not to be familiar with the name.

Abel. Yes, CRAIG, the Oval poet.

Bishop Welldon. You mystify me still more. I have heard of square meals and round robins, of circular tours and oblong garters, but never of an Oval poet.

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson. ABEL means the cricket ground, that scene of heroic but bloodless encounters, of Homeric but—

Bishop Welldon. Ah, yes. Ah, yes—I understand now.

Abel. But latterly, as a "Guv'nor," I must confess I have been more attracted by Pater.

Mr. Harold Begbie. How very interesting! Do you know I guessed that. I should so like to serve you up hot in one of my Interviews as an esoteric Paterian.

Mr. Jephson. That's a good phrase. I must make a note of that for the *Chronicle*. My style is a mixture of SALA and JEROME—very good models too. Fancy is what I aim at—fancy tempered by fun and feeling.

Mr. S. M. J. Woods. I go in for facts. Straightforward sinewy prose is my line.

Bishop Welldon. Ah, you like FIELDING?

Mr. Woods. Like fielding? Me? Not much; I hate it. What a rum idea!

Bishop Welldon. Oh! I meant the author, the man. Surely you know Tom Jones?

Mr. Woods. Not Tom, I think; SIDNEY JONES, the Australian, I know, of course. Bishop Welldon. *Joseph Andrews* then?

Mr. Woods. There used to be an ANDREWS who played for Sussex, a left-hander. But his initials were W. H.

Abel. To return for a moment to our literary masters, I wonder where Prince RANJITSINGH gets the exquisite finish of his style.

Mr. C. B. Fry. From careful study of the judicious HOOKER.

Mr. G. W. Beldam. I think I should name KEATS as my master.

Bishop Welldon. Ah, that is because he has a poem about you.

Mr. Beldam. About me?

Bishop Welldon. Certainly. He says you are *sans merci*.

Abel. And a very taking little piece it is too. I recited it once at a Bermondsey smoker.

Mr. Harold Begbie. Oh, Mr. ABEL, you must let me write about you as a Study in Personality. I cannot resist a mystic.

Bishop Welldon. But is our friend a mystic?

Mr. Harold Begbie. Whether he is or not I'll make him one. I commune with the stars.

Abel. What price the *Evening News*?

Tunnicliffe. What is a mystic? It sounds rather like a loose ball.

Mr. Harold Begbie. I will make you one too, if you will give me an interview. There's nothing I can't do in that way. I made HACKENSCHMIDT one, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Mr. C. B. Fry. You did your best to make me one in the *Westminster*. A scholar too. You said I was never without a pocket *Virgil*, which I read even when riding to hounds.

Mr. Woods. Yes, I read that. And you said that he has a Meredithian mood, and is filled with the rich wine of life.

Tunnicliffe. Is that a good brand?

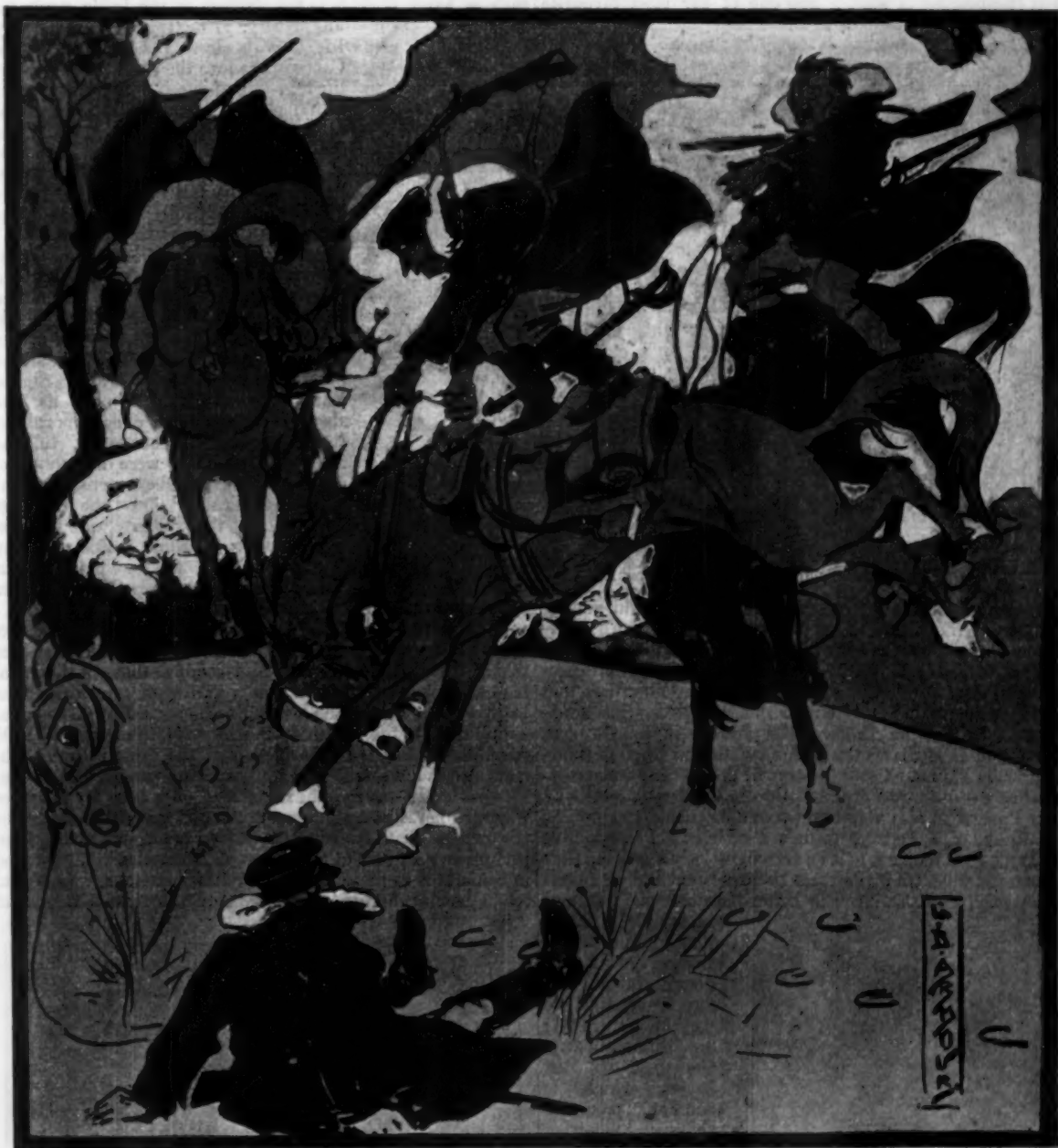
Mr. Harold Begbie. Well, one must say something.

Tunnicliffe. I learnt my style by translating MAUPASSANT. There is no better preparation. [Exeunt.]

"*Quel cheval va gagner le Derby dans la boue?*" This riddle appeared on an *Evening News* poster, and seems to have intrigued the British news vendor. But, as the *Evening News* was at pains to explain in an early edition of Derby Day, our French visitors knew that it meant "Which horse is going to win the Derby in the mud?"

Astonishing linguists, these Frenchmen!

ANSWERED.—A contemporary asks, "What makes novels bad?" This is very easy: the novelist.



THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

(Drawn from Imagination by our Specially Lively Artist in the Very Far Out West.)

["It is said that the Japanese Cavalry have recently been provided with excellent Australian horses full of staying power."]

OPERATIC NOTES.

May 28.—Never has Madame MELBA been in better voice nor, if it may be so expressed, in finer form than to-night, when reappearing in what is now one of her most favourite

strong as *Rodolfo*, both as regards singing and acting. He does not forget that he is a Bohemian student, and not merely a sentimental tenor. He can be as melancholy as they make 'em, but, on the other hand, when in good spirits and with cash in hand, *Rodolfo* is the liveliest of the lively, ready for any foolery. And this is just the very life, *la vraie vie de Bohême*, that Signor CARUSO puts into the character. A short life and—a sad one. As *Marcello* Signor SCOTTI played up to CARUSO sympathetically and was in excellent voice. The *Collini* of M. JOURNET, and the *Schaunard* of M. GILBERT, are familiar impersonations that give full effect to the comic, as also to the pitifully sad, scenes in the career of this true "Bohemian Girl," and in the life of the reckless light-hearted set among whom she wastes a part of her time, and to whom she returns to die. M. DUFRIE, in his "divided duty" of *Benoit* the miser and *Aleindoro* the millionaire, shows himself capable of "two." Signor MANICELLI was at his best, as was also the orchestra that obeys his ruling. It was a magnificent house, full as full. The "calls" were not those of mere politeness: they were frequent and enthusiastic, and the artistes, on whom the calls were made, were always at home. Encores were "offered" (by the audience), but there were "no takers." Altogether



A LIGHT DUET.

Mimi Melba having got the right key from Rodolfo Caruso.

parts, that of poor dear Mimi in Puccini's delightful setting to music of the dramatic version of HENRI MURGER's (no—"HENRI BURGER," as the book of the *libretto* has it misprinted) *La Vie de Bohême*. Following the George-Edwardesian fashion of employing some half-dozen authors, librettists, and composers in producing a single musical piece, this adaptation of *La Vie de Bohême* (compressed) is by GIUSEPPE GIACOSA and LUIGI ILICA (in Italian), while the English translation is by WILLIAM CRIST (a name of good omen in connection with the operatic "Mill" at Covent Garden), assisted by PERCY PINKERTON, also a pleasant-sounding name, suggestive, as I think, of a Peerage (didn't *Pinkerton's Peerage* give Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER a title?), and of a lady's school, *Miss Pinkerton's*, wasn't it? Be these literary librettical questions as they may, MELBA as Mimi is better than ever she was, and

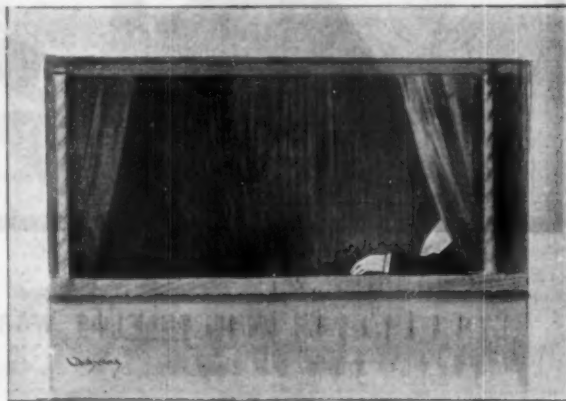
in saying so much it may still be hoped that, in the not very distant future, this sweet-voiced artiste may be better still; no, I should say, she may be still better, which is another pair of shoes, and is a wish applicable only to the artistic *finesse* of her impersonation. Miss E. PARKINA as *Musetta* seemed, to-night, a trifle nervous, but 'tis a very difficult part to play. Signor CARUSO in superb voice came out

an exceptionally fine performance.

Wednesday, June 1.—The Clerk of the Water Course, having long ago ascertained the impossibility of a horse-race taking place without bridles and saddles, thought it advisable to throw in on this occasion a variety of rains, which he had reservoir'd since the last flower-show, just to give special significance to the fact that the winner of the Derby of 1904 was the favourite with the officials of the principal establishment in the Lane dedicated to the raining patron, St. Swithin, who evidently was most anxious to do his best for a rather wayward horse named after a brother ascetic, *St. Amant*. But the torrents that seemed to have aided horse and jockey, from preliminary canter to victorious finish, had already proved unfavourable to the canta-trice Fräulein TERNINA, who, sad to relate, having been attacked by sore throat, was unable to



"As others see us."



In the Omnibus Box. Hand and glove with the music. The most constant and appreciative habitué.



A Wagnerite taking his music sadly.

take her turn in a part which, dramatically even more than musically, should fit her down to the ground. Of course, on the Derby Festival night, when every one talks racing shop, and all, temporarily, are more or less horsey, it would have been quite sportsmanlike, and eminently pardonable, had the *prima donna*, the "favourite" of the evening, been herself not quite herself, but a little hoarse. So, as *La Tosca* couldn't be played and sung, *Faust* was substituted, with the sweet SEE-USAN ADAMS as that demure Daisy, *Marguerite*, attended by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the artistically artful Duenna; with M. RENAUD, not quite so good as usual, as *Valentine*; and with M. DALMORES, whose rendering of rejuvenesced *Faust* was, musically, most enjoyable. The special delight of the entertainment was the re-appearance of M. PLANÇON in such devilish good form as *Mephistopheles* that in this character, as in those of *Friar Laurence* and *Jupiter*, he can only be labelled as "The Inimitable." Trained bands and military forces under the command of F.-M. MANCINELLI victorious and glorious. As even the ever-popular *Faust* cannot contend against rain, races and rumours of cab strikes, so an over-flowing house could not be expected within when there was so much overflowing without. This is the veracious record of the Derby Operatic Night for 1904.

Friday, June 3.—*La Bohème* again. The success of Tuesday repeated. Signor CARUSO in splendid voice: MELBA also. House crowded, not a box nor a seat empty. The KING present with the

Prince of WALES on His Royal Highness's birthday. Good omen for the Operatic Singdicat, who, seeing such a house as this is to-night, must welcome the Royal Birthday omen of "Many Happy Returns."

UN PETIT VOYAGE D'AGRÈMENT.

Un Café du Boulevard. L'heure de l'apéritif. M. DUBOIS et M. DUPONT assis sur la terrasse.

Dubois. Où est donc DURAND?

Dupont. Il est allé à Londres.

Dubois. Vraiment? Il est enragé des voyages.

Dupont. Et des courses. Il y en a, vous savez, à Derby, des plus célèbres. Tenez, le voilà.

M. DURAND entre.

Dubois. Ah, le fameux voyageur!

Dupont. L'Ulysse de nos jours.

Dubois. Le CHRISTOPHE COLOMB de Calais-Douvres.

Dupont. Mais qu'avez-vous donc, DURAND? Asseyez-vous.

Durand (parlant difficilement). Ah, mon cher, que je suis enrhumé! (Il éternue cinq fois de suite.) Diablement enrhumé!

Dupont. Comment ça?

Durand (toussant). Je, je—oh, la, la! Garçon, un verre d'eau.

Dubois. Mon pauvre ami, qu'est-ce que vous avez fait?

Durand. Un voyage d'agrément, parbleu! Une petite excursion, à prix réduits, qui m'a coûté trois mille francs, sans parler des paris. Je suis allé à Londres. Ah, le sacré climat! Les Anglais sont charmants, de vrais sportsmans; mais la pluie, et la boue, et le brouillard, et le tohu-bohu, et la langue, et tous les hôtels bondés, et les trains pris d'assaut! Sapristi! Figurez-vous, j'arrive à Londres lundi soir. Je vais d'un hôtel à l'autre. Pas une chambre! Enfin, au nord de la ville, dans un grand hôtel, qui porte le nom d'un saint anglais, quelque chose en Pan—

Dubois. Pancake? C'est un mot anglais.

Durand. Parfaitement, c'est ça. St. Pancake. Eh bien, je peux me loger dans cet hôtel, et pas mal du tout. Mardi je me lève de bonne heure pour aller à Derby. C'est le premier jour des courses. Je demande des renseignements, et je trouve que j'ai la chance d'être dans l'hôtel même du chemin de fer du Middleland. Tant mieux. Je m'installe dans un excellent train, et j'arrive à Derby vers midi. Je monte dans un fiacre, je dis "Races course"—car j'ai appris un peu l'anglais—et j'attends. Mais le cocher ne part pas. Il essaie de me faire comprendre quelque chose. Je lui crie en anglais, "Mais qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là? Je veux voir les Derby races." Enfin on

parvient à me faire comprendre que les courses de Derby ne sont pas à Derby du tout.

Dupont. Ah, quelle drôle d'idée!

Durand. N'est-ce pas? Et me voilà de retour à St. Pancake à cinq heures du soir. Heureusement ce n'était pas la grande journée. Ainsi je me renseigne soigneusement, je me couche de bonne heure, et mercredi le garçon de l'étage m'éveille avant le lever du soleil. Je lui demande pourquoi je dois me lever la nuit, car on m'avait dit que le vrai champ de courses de Derby n'est qu'à une heure de Londres. "Il est neuf heures, monsieur," me dit-il. "Du soir?" je lui demande, "mais où sommes-nous? Ai-je dormi vingt-deux heures?" Et lui de répondre qu'il est neuf heures du matin, mais qu'il y a un peu de brouillard.

Dupont. Neuf heures du matin, le premier juin? Et cependant comme la nuit?

Durand. Absolument! Ah, quelle journée. Je vous dirai ça en deux mots, j'ai tellement mal à la gorge. Un brouillard, une averse tout le temps, une bousculade effroyable, de la boue partout, un orage, Gouvernant pas même placé, et moi qui rentre le soir, sans montre ni porte-monnaie—on me les avait chipés quelque part—et dans un état incroyablement trempé jusqu'aux os. Sapristi, j'en ai soulé!

Dubois. Mon pauvre ami! Mais vous avez visité Londres, et vous avez vu—

Durand. Rien! J'ai filé jeudi. A présent je vais me coucher. Au revoir! (Il sort.)



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Old Gent (sol.). "If it weren't that KURO-PATKIN, THE GENERAL OF THE TALL SOLDIERS, HAS THE LONG NAME, AND KUROKI, THE GENERAL OF THE SHORT SOLDIERS, HAS THE SHORT NAME, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO REMEMBER WHICH WAS WHICH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RECENTLY published by METHUEN, as one of that firm's series of "The Antiquary's Library," the latest work by Abbot GASQUET (with D.D., &c., &c., and several other alphabetical distinctions attached to his name as becomes a man of letters), entitled *English Monastic Life*, with its numerous and well-reproduced plans and illustrations, will be found by all students of our island's history a work curiously interesting and highly instructive. If *ex uno diace omnes* may be accepted as applicable to the samples selected by Dr. GASQUET,



in which he sets before the reader, as he says, "in as plain and popular a manner as I could, the general tenor of the life lived by the inmates in any one of these monastic establishments," then the Baron must conclude that, but for the licensed freebooting of Bluffing King HAL and his talented assistants, we at this time should have been all the better off by the absence of poor rates and of other levies made on our purses for the payment of Bumbledom and modern parochial machinery. These heavy charges were defrayed, in ancient days, by the monastic bodies who were stewards of the rich and almoners for the poor. Among various survivals of old monastic customs there is one at Eton College, where before eleven o'clock school the masters assemble "in chambers" to consult as to any special matter of immediate importance. This is evidently a remainder over from the days when "the chief officials responsible for the order of the house repaired for a few minutes to the private parlour to consult as to any matter which might need correction, or to which public attention might be called." The Baron would suggest that, instead of the translation as given of

"Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva que tibi mando—
Quid dicas, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando,"

should be substituted:

"Would you be wise? of six things have a care—
Your words, of whom, to whom, how, when, and where,"

which couplet is humbly presented to the Abbatial author with best wishes for present and future work.

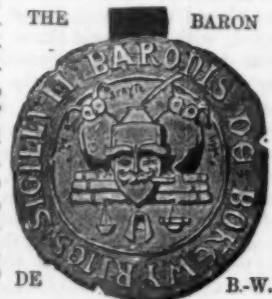
What Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS doesn't know about secret Anarchistical Societies cannot be of any value. How the gallant Major dares to show himself undisguised in public, nay, how he can live in the same abode for more than twenty-four hours at a time, is to the Baron, who trembles for this gifted writer's safety, even a greater mystery than all the mysteries of which the Major is past-master. From these prefatorial remarks it may be gathered that this author's latest novel, entitled *A Woman of Business* (JOHN LONG), herewith recommended by the Baron to that majority of the reading public which votes solid for the Major, describes the doings of certain satanic desperadoes whose objects are the upheaval of law and order, and the destruction of all property on which they themselves cannot seize. "*Ni Dieu ni maître!*" and "*Que le diable emporte le dernier!*" The characters in this story are clearly drawn; they are true to mere human nature at its pluckiest, though not at its moral best, as also at its most cowardly and fiendish worst.



Phæbe in Fetters (JOHN MURRAY) is decidedly one of the best novels of the year. It is based on excellent purpose carried out step by step with remarkable skill. Donald Gilmour, a solicitor approaching middle age, has "a past." It, however, covers nothing worse than a disappointment in love. He offered his heart to a woman, and, as no well-filled purse went with it, it was declined. A hard-headed, level-

headed, reserved, somewhat obstinate man, he concluded that he had done with love and matrimony. Some years after he meets a girl in black, "with luminous eyes that sparkle with light in the pale vivid face." This is *Phæbe Carburton*, with whose father *Gilmour* had been at Oxford. He had not prospered after the fashion of his younger mate, and his daughter earned her living as a type-writer. In due time *Gilmour* proposes to make the girl his wife. She accepts him on the understanding that, as she put it in imparting news of the engagement to her mother, "he doesn't want to go in for hugging and kissing and so on." Even before the marriage-day *Gilmour* discovers he has miscalculated his own situation. He is desperately in love with his bride, and when at the start of their honeymoon he attempts to kiss her she turns and rends him. "If I had known it, I would rather have died than marry you," she gasped. "I trusted what you said. I believed you meant just to take care of me. I can never love you; but I shall hate you if you—" A pretty dish this to set before a bridegroom. My Baronite will not spoil sport by even hinting how it turns out. Suffice it to say the story is told with a skill, a variety of incident, and a power of delineating character, that hold the reader breathless to the end. My Baronite has not before come across the work of Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Like a character in fiction who shall be nameless, he "asks for more."

The King of Diamonds, by LOUIS TRACY (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is well worth reading. The idea is daringly original in conception, and the plot is worked out with such reckless magnificence as can only find its parallel in *Monte Cristo*. But whereas the hero of DUMAS' great romance lived for revenge, and triumphantly ticked off his enemies as they perished one by one, Mr. TRACY's hero shows such an example of magnanimity, and exhibits a spirit of charity so exceptionally Christian, that, for the sake of sensational romance, it is to be devoutly hoped, no other hero will think himself called upon to imitate him. If villains of the deepest dye in an Adelphi drama, who have committed every crime possible from petty theft up to murder, are henceforth to be allowed to get off scot free on giving their solemn promise "not to do it again," then what price justice, and what's to become of "*Hawkshaw* the detective" and of that highly accomplished amateur in the Intelligence Department, *Sherlock Holmes*? This new idea of "pardon all round" is admirably managed in *The King of Diamonds*, where the hero forgives every knave in the pack, much to the admiration, but, it must be added, to the honest indignation of the judicially discriminating Baron.



RULE, BRITANNIA!

SIR,—Someone writing in favour of the suddenly re-proposed Channel Tunnel scheme says, "As regards the physical difficulties to be encountered, they are certainly inferior to those now being presented to the engineers of the Simplon Tunnel." Bother the Simplon Tunnel! The point that strikes me, and many other fellow sea-sufferers, is—what are these "physical difficulties" compared with those that I (and others made like me) have to suffer in crossing the Channel! If everyone could feel as I do—*O si sic omnes*—then engineers, French and English, would hurry up with the Chunnel Tunnel! That's my opinion! Tell that to the Submarines with the compliments of

Yours truly,

C. GREEN.